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THE Teacher's Mistake.
—OR—
The Pride of Turkey Run School.

BY M. J. ROY,
Author of "Walter Brownfield," "The Hired Girl," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XI.
THE COMMISSIONER AND THE WATCH.

Mr. Beatty was considerably alarmed when he found George Saturated in the morning. It was a calamity he had not dreamed of. More than one of the boys declared that he was dead, but the school master put his hand over the heart of the insensible boy and to his joy found that it beat.

"He is not dead but only fainting," he said to the eager inquiring boys. "Carry him to the school house as quick as you can, and two of you run and get some fresh water."

"Let's you and me go Tom," said the irrepressible Billy Birch, who little dreamed that he had been partially the cause of all this misery.

Tom Link and Billy Birch, went to prepare the water, while James Josiah, Henry Nolan, Dick Mason, and Joe Davis carried the lad in to the house.

Little Tommy Dunnington with a smile still lingering in his benevolent eyes followed along with the other boys who were speculating in whispers as to whether George was dead or not and as to his probable face should he be alive.

George was conveyed to the school house and the sight of the muddy haggard insensible form at once excited the sympathy of all the girls. Little Dolly and many others who believed him dead, burst into tears and wept bitterly.

The teacher washed the muddy face and rubbed him vigorously but for some time his efforts were in vain. The long pent up fright, his sleepless night in the storm and rain had been too much for him, and it seemed as if that heart was still forever.

But a good constitution was in the boy's favor. At last he began to show signs of life by gasping and groaning. Mr. Beatty called Sarah Dobe and Jane Bernard two of the big girls to take care of him while he made all the others leave the room. The sight of so many might frighten the lad when he came to himself.

George opened his eyes and a blank stare was on his face for some few minutes. Then he realized what had happened, and struggled to a sitting position.

"Be still George, you will be better soon," said Sarah.

"No no let me go, please let me go. They will hang me by the neck until I dead—dead—dead!" the boy groaned.

"No they can't hang you for that," said Sarah "they don't hang people for stealing."

"But I didn't steal I murdered."

"Murdered!" cried both girls with a shriek. "Who did you kill?"

"Gam Jennings."

"When?"

"The day the commissioner was here."

"No you did not. Gam Jennings is here now alive and well."

"But they told me he was murdered."

"Who?"

"Charley Dodge, Henry and Billy Birch."

"They said that to plague you."

"But the constable came after me. I saw him at our house and he said that they would hang me until I was dead—dead—dead."

"He only said that to frighten you other to make her tell where the watch was."

"Whose watch?"

"The master's."

"Is it gone?"

"Yes they say you took it George, and you had better get it for him as it will go lighter with you if you do."

I have not got it. I know nothing about it," cried the boy.

"But the master laid it with his coat and vest on the big stump while he played ball, and you was seen to come and pull something out of the vest pocket, and pull the coat and vest off the stump. Then you went away and the watch was gone."

George remembered now how in his chagrin at being ostracized in the play he had stood by the stump, and almost unconsciously plucked at a loose thread in the master's vest.

He stoutly maintained his innocence and when the master came in and talked with him he stilled declared himself innocent. Mr. Beatty knew that there could be no doubt that George had taken the watch. He painted to him the enormity of the crime, and offered to have the case dismissed if George would get it, but the lad so stoutly denied having taken it that he at last concluded he was so case hardened that it was no use to try to do any more with him.

School was dismissed for the remainder of the day the "children sent home" and the teacher took George to the constable and he to the justice. Two or three of the girls who saw George pull something out of the master's vest pocket were subpoenaed, and after a brief examination George was committed to await the action of the grand jury.

The next day the astute Jim Martin and Mr. Beatty set out with George for Drakeville the county seat to put him in jail.

The real manhood in the lad now began to assert itself. The consciousness of his own innocence made him brave stoical. He had not the ideas of some who borrow their martyrdom from reading of Bunyan or Lattimer, but was a hero in himself.

They went in the same one horse spring wagon, which had conveyed the astute thief taker and the master to the Saturated hut.

Old John Saturated and his wife had been released temporarily until better proof could be found against them. Old John was sober and his wife nearly distracted at George's flight.

The wagon rumbled up to the jail and the constable saw his little prisoner placed under lock and key.

There was something in the look from that little pale face behind the iron bars that went to the heart of the master. He almost regretted that he had had such an awful punishment put on him.

With a sad and aching heart Mr. Beatty was walking down one of the streets of Drakeville, when he suddenly met Mr. Thompson the school commissioner face to face.

Mr. Thompson burst into a laugh as he grasping the teacher's hand, and said:

"Well Beatty did you miss your watch?"

"My watch—my God yes. Do you know anything about it?" cried the teacher.

"I think I do," and he pulled from his vest pocket the missing watch and handed it to the owner.

"Where did you get it?" gasped Mr. Beatty staggering as if from a blow.

"Why you see you laid your coat and vest on the stump when you began playing ball that day, and I guess your watch was in your vest pocket, well as the game got warmer I laid my coat and vest down by the side of yours. When we went in, I saw a watch which had slipped from the pocket lying on the stump, and supposed it was my own as they are almost exactly alike, and I put it in my pocket. I did not know it until that night when I found I had two watches, yours in my vest pocket and my own in the fob of my pantaloons that I had unconsciously hooked your time keeper. I intended to send it to you next day, but was busy. I sent Milt Turner's boy to you with it, but he got in a mellow patch and made himself sick. So he failed to reach you and brought it back. Then I wrote you a letter but I guess you did not get it."

Mr. Beatty was too much overcome to speak for several minutes. When he did finally regain his self-possession, he told of the arrest of poor little George Saturated.

The kind hearts of these two men were moved at the great mistake that had been made. George must be released. They consulted a lawyer and the boy was soon taken out of jail on a writ of habeas corpus.

That night he went home a free boy. He was quite a hero in the eyes of his school-mates for what he had suffered. George's sufferings had won him many friends, but among them could not be counted the heavy weight champion intellect, James Josiah Blodgett. He was above being swayed by sympathy. That Websterian head youthful as it was, was deemed already fit for a judge.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

Twenty five years have rolled away.

Years of smiles and tears, sunshine and rain. Years filled with joy and sorrow. Years which have brought countless thousands of new faces upon the earth, and hidden countless thousands of old faces beneath it.

The nation has made many prodigious strides in advancement. The small farm houses about Turkey Run have been supplanted by costly brick country residences. The old Turkey Run school house has disappeared and a fine brick stands in its place.

The great forest along Turkey Run creek west of the school house has disappeared before the woodman's ax, and fields of moving masts now stand in its place.

It is harvest and the hum of the reaper's sickle, can be heard all over the broad land. If there have been cares, there are pleasures as well, and happiness and peaceful prosperity makes the heart of the husbandman glad.

In the county seat of Drakeville the change has been greatest. The little obscure village has grown to be almost a city. There are two railroads, one or two small factories and the small wooden stores have given place to numerous elegant brick establishments.

At the central depot, the train has just come in.

A man past fifty years of age, a stout old gentleman, gets off with valise in one hand and a cane in the other. It is the train from the great west which has brought in this passenger and he looks about the town as though he sought some familiar object.

One would hardly recognize in this elderly gentleman the former school teacher of Turkey Run district, but it is Mr. Beatty.

Another man four or five years older than he, comes forward to grasp his hand and welcome him back after his long absence. It is Mr. Thompson the former county school commissioner who is now a prosperous merchant in Drakeville.

"Well Beatty I'm glad to see you. Got your letter and came to meet you, you must go right home with me. You are my guest while you are here," said Mr. Thompson stroking his iron gray beard.

Mr. Beatty took the arm of the former commissioner and together they walked along the smooth brick pavement to a brown stone front dwelling, the home of the merchant.

Mr. Thompson introduced the friend of his young manhood to his wife and his grown up sons and daughters, everything that could be done was done to make his visit pleasant.

It was the third evening after Mr. Beatty's arrival at Drakeville and he was sitting with his friend in the merchants cozy sitting room, that he asked Mr. Thompson if he remembered the Turkey Run school.

"Yes sir I remember it well," Mr. Thompson answered. "You taught a good school there Beatty."

"I had good scholars."

"You had."

"I wanted to ask about them, I have thought of them frequently during the twenty-five years I have been out west."

"Well I know what became of most of them. There was Tommy Dunnington, you remember him, a bright little boy."

"Yes, yes, Tommy made his mark in the world I am sure."

"Oh yes, but not as you expected. Tommy is a good clever fellow, honest, cheerful and bright. He is my chief clerk, has a nice little home and a handsome wife and three children."

"What? Tommy Dunnington only amounted to a clerk—a counter jumper after all?" Mr. Beatty bowed his head a moment in his disappointment, and then said:

"Well Charley Dodge, how did he turn out?"

"He's a lawyer in Drakeville. Has a good practice, but is not known beyond his own district."

"Henry Gordon, what did he do?"

"He and Gam Jennings are both farmers, and doing very well."

"The others," asked Mr. Beatty as he found those whom he thought brightest turning out ordinary mortals after all.

"Well Sarah Drake is a farmer's wife, and Kitty Wilson married Henry Milton Blodgett her old schoolmate, whom they used to call Billy Birch, and—"

"The ex-school commissioner seemed to pause to think of the others."

"What became of Dolly Bayley?"

"Ah, there is one bright one. That dear girl is a missionary in India. She is frequently spoken of by the religious papers, as a cheerful loveable christian, who is sacrificing her whole life to bring the heathen to the cross of Christ and eternal salvation."

The teacher who had never thought much of the affectionate little girl, bit his lips a moment, and then asked about the heavy weight champion of the school, James Josiah Blodgett. He had reserved him for the last as one always likes to have the best come last.

Although he had never seen James Josiah's name among the list of United States senators or congressmen, he had no doubt but that he was making his mark in the world. What was his surprise to see the ex-school commissioner shake his head.

"He was the worst of any Mr. Beatty," he said. "His father sent him to college and he got through a right, graduated with the highest honors, and then studied law. It was thought that he would make the finest lawyer in the land, but it seems that all James Josiah's faculties were exhausted in acquiring knowledge. When it came to practical business life he was a failure. He married a sweet young girl and had two beautiful children, but he went to the dogs. He seemed to lack moral force of character, and being egotistical and vain, was rendered desperate at his own knowledge of his failure. He took to drinking, deserted his family and finally brought up in the state's prison for forgery."

Mr. Beatty bit his lips with disappointment and vexation.

Had the greatest dream of life amounted to this? What a mistake he had made.

At last he thought of the little ragged boy whom he had wronged, and asked:

"What became of George Saturated?"

"What? Why have you not heard of Saturated the artist. The papers are full of him."

"Saturated the artist. Of course I have, but that is not little George Saturated."

"Yes it is the same little fellow whom you thought stole your watch. He's a tall fine looking man now, has a world wide reputation. He is known not only in America, but all over Europe as well. I met him in Chicago not long ago. He was in company with some congressmen and members of the President's cabinet. There we talked over his early life and how you used to flog him for drawing pictures when he couldn't help it. He gave us a thrilling account of his night in the forest when he thought he had murdered his school mate."

"Where is he?" asked the bewildered and astounded teacher.

"He is in Europe sketching for the Royal Academy of Art of which he though an American, was voted an honorary member. His reputation is world wide and that little ragged boy whom you thought a thief, is now greater than the president of the United States, with a reputation that will last when our monuments of marble have crumbled to dust."

That night as Mr. Beatty lay on his bed he thought of what Mr. Thompson had said about George Saturated while they ate dinner in the Turkey Run school house twenty-five years ago.

"There was gold and diamonds in that rough stone," sighed the teacher, "but I was too dull to find it. The pride of Turkey Run school amounted to naught, and the boy on whom I put the dunce cap, has made the brightest man of all. I made a great mistake."

THE END.

To Make Maidens Forever Young and Fair.

A ray of joy shines upon the pathway of the elderly belle whose physician insists upon sea bathing, but whose complexion savors painfully of the antique. A friend of humanity—a Frenchman, of course—has invented a set of cosmetics that resists the effect of saltwater to wash them off or injure the delicacy of their bloom, so that the well-to-do will come out all rosy and blushing, or as if the bathing had put health and vigor into them, and the frozen yellow and blue tinges will be hidden from the carping gaze of a heartless world. No more azure noses and old gold cheeks for these elderly maidens, but peach-like, ocean-defying snow white and rose red, fair and fresh as the blushes of dawn. The damsel who has hitherto emerged from the waves grim and pallid as a damaged mermaid too long kept on exhibition may now rise, like a new Aphrodite, perennially young and fair.—Boston Courier.

The National Baptist says that the first Sunday-school of Sweden was started thirty-two years ago, in Stockholm. Now there are in that city forty-six schools, with 631 teachers and 6,425 scholars, and in the whole of Sweden 20,000 teachers and over 200,000 scholars.

WASHINGTON LETTER.
(From our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON D. C., Oct. 31st, 1883.

Without commotion or interruption of the usual routine. General Sheridan has taken the place of General Sherman at the head of the army, and it is undoubtedly true that the latter was very glad to be relieved. He had reached a period of life and condition of mind when rest and quiet enjoyment of home and leisure, and freedom to pursue his own comfort and pleasure in his own way, were the things he most desired. General Sherman will be much missed in Washington. He is very popular here—a great favorite in many ways and circles—and the young ladies, most of all, will miss the fatherly attention, the gallantries and kisses, he so frequently bestowed upon them. Our theatre-goers will also miss his familiar face, for the General was always to be seen at a good performance, and was known to possess a remarkable fondness for pretty actresses, like Mary Anderson and others, who are real ladies. Mrs. Sherman, who has been some time at their new home in St. Louis, wrote to the General last week that she was delighted with her reception and surroundings there and with the prospect of having a new settled home.

General Sheridan and his family have taken possession of their new house here—the one recently presented to them by the General's wealthy admirers in Chicago. The toadies of Washington society who are always talking about President Arthur's courtly manners, etc.—that class who follow high officials with their fulsome talk—are now seeking to make General Sheridan the object of their attention. One of the local papers quotes a Chicago tailor as saying that Sheridan has the finest figure of any man he ever fitted. The Sheridan standard of a figure can hardly become a fashionable one. Sheridan is barely five feet six inches in height, while he is nearly as broad as he is long. He has a round bullet head set down between his shoulders without the slightest sign of a neck. His body is long enough for a man six feet in height. This naturally leaves his legs a trifle short. He does not need, however, physical beauty to sustain his reputation. It was a strange chance that gave Sheridan his opportunity. A friendless Ohio boy of Scotch-Irish parentage, he had no influence and secured an appointment to West Point through the chance favor of General Richey, member of Congress from Ohio. In the early part of the war Sheridan was mere a quarter-master in Missouri. Early in 1862 he was in Wisconsin, buying horses for the United States. But soon after he got under range of Grant's eye, and he gave him his opportunity, and opportunity was all Sheridan wanted. He did not marry until some time after the war. His wife is a daughter of the recently retired Quarter-master General Rucker.

Since the decision of the Supreme Court declaring the unconstitutionality of the civil right law the colored citizens of Washington have held many meetings and listened to many speeches. Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll is talking to them in a very inflammable style, earning much applause from the rabble. But in all the uproar the fact is particularly noticeable that the educated portion of their race are disposed to acquiesce in the judgment of the court and to map out a plan of action for securing the rights and privileges to which they lay claim. A prominent colored lawyer says: "The time has come when the negro must make up his mind that he is no longer the ward of the nation, but is to be judged for what he is, and expected to come up to all the requirements of manhood and citizenship just as white men are. We must make our way hereafter without any special privileges under the law, just as white men do, or we will demonstrate that it was a grave mistake to make citizens of us at all." These are words full of wisdom, and may be commended to those, both white and black, who see in the action of the Supreme Court a reason to inflame the passion of the more ignorant of the colored race, by picturing to them unsubstantial horrors and a return to slavery as the logical sequence of that decision.

Notwithstanding all the talk about cabinet quarrels and cabinet changes, the only real event at the white house during the last week was the presentation to the President by Governor Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, and several other gentlemen, of a fine fishing rod, said to be the finest ever made in the United States. The presentation was a pleasing affair. Governor Knott conveyed his message in witty and complimentary terms, and after the President had responded the Governor told some of his best fishing stories. By the way, Mr. Knott and Librarian Spofford, of the congressional library, are preparing a work on wit and humor, embracing selections of the funny things in literature. The first volume is said to be nearly ready. The hope has been expressed that Mr. Knott's famous Duluth speech will be included in the collection. Ex-Senator David Davis was in town a few days ago, and those who saw him report that he has lost none of his avoirdupois. He says Blaine is the most popular man in the republican party for President. The zoological society organized here in 1878 is showing renewed signs of life and is trying to forward a scheme, favored by officers connected with the Smithsonian Institution, for the establishment of a zoological garden at the capital. The Potomac flats or some portion of the public grounds are suggested for the location, and Congress is to be asked to make an appropriation for the object.

Dom Pedro.

Anecdotes about Boys.

—In New York there was a certain boy named Jake, who is known to many persons as "the little Polish match-peddler." One afternoon about a month ago, Jake had an adventure that ought to teach him a lesson. He had sold all his matches except eleven boxes, which were in a bag slung across his back. Instead of walking home or paying his fare, Jake slyly leaped upon an open car. The conductor was busy, as there were many passengers on the car, and so he did not see the match-peddler. But as "murder will out," so wrong-doing generally comes to light. Jake was so busy watching the movements of the conductor that he failed to see a fat passenger squeezing along out from his seat. Nor did the fat passenger, who was in a hurry, see Jake; and when he came down with all his weight upon Jake's foot, away went the boy, heels over head. It so happened that Jake fell squarely upon his back, or rather upon the bag of matches. When the matches struck the stones there were several crack, crack, crack sounds which the passengers and other spectators did not understand. But Jake knew what the matter was. He knew that his matches had "struck" and with a scream he ran toward a policeman, shouting: "I'm a-fire! I'm a-fire! I'm a-fire! I'm a-fire!" The officer soon comprehended the state of affairs, and whipping out his jack-knife, severed the strap that held the burning matches to Jake's back. Part of the coat was burned, and the shoulders were singed badly enough to make them smart, but otherwise no harmful result followed. Jake paid dearly for his ride.

—Some years ago, a gentleman who was fond of chess, noticed that a ragged little newsboy liked to stand at a window and look in while games were going on. The lad was a bright-faced little fellow, and at that time sold papers near Fulton and Nassau Streets, in New York. One day, while he was watching the pieces with boyish interest, the old gentleman beckoned for him to enter. The gentleman offered to teach the boy the moves. The latter learned very rapidly, and in a few weeks could play much better than his teacher. The "boy phenomenon" began to be talked of among the chess-players in New York. Some one gave him money to go to school, and from a newsboy he became an educated man. This man is now second in the Vienna match for the chess championship of the world.

—Frank Flournoy, a boy of ten years lives with his parents, in Columbus, Ga. One afternoon during June just past, Frank was sailing a little tin tub in a large tub of water at the well belonging to his father's house. For some reason, he climbed upon the well-wall and fell down into the deep, dark hole. He probably would not have been missed for half an hour, had not a thunder-storm been coming up. When it began to rain, Mrs. Flournoy called for Frank to come in the house, and receiving no reply, began anxiously to search for him. Frank's little sister remembered that she had last seen the boy at the well, and the mother, running thither, was horrified to see the little curly head away down at the bottom. She called, and Frank shouted, in reply: "All right! hurry up!" The bucket was at once lowered, Frank got in, and in less than a minute the boy was in his mother's arms. The well was sixty-five feet deep. Frank had not been hurt by the fall, and had been kept afloat upon the tin tub, which went down with him.

Ventilating Fruit Cellars.

Comparatively few of our fruit growers seem to understand a very simple principle in connection with the ventilation of cellars in which fruit is stored during the critical period between fruit picking and the closing in of winter. If the windows or doors are opened during the day when the air is warm, the cellar is soon filled with warm air; loaded with moisture, which is precipitated on the walls and the relatively cool surface of the fruit. During the day all openings should be kept carefully closed. At night when the temperature is lower than that of the cellar, open the windows. The cold air thus let in is practically bottled up by the careful closing up during the day. Hundreds of people who complain of the early decay of fruit during late fall and early winter will find a remedy in this simple suggestion.—J. L. B.